Thus ebs and flowes the currant of her sorrow,
And time doth wearie time with her complayning,
Shee looks for night, & then shee longs for morrow,
And both shee thinks too long with her remayning.
Short time seems long, in sorrowes sharp sustayning,
Though wo be heauie, yet it seldome sleepes,
And they that watch, see time, how slow it creeps.

VVhich all this time hath ouerslipt her thought,
That shee with painted Images hath spent,
Being from the feeling of her own griefe brought,
By deepe surmise of others detriment,
Loosing her woes in shews of discontent:
It easeth some, though none it euer cured,
To thinke their dolour others haue endured.

But now the mindfull Messenger come backe,
Brings home his Lord and other companie,
VVho finds his LVCRECE clad in mourning black,
And round about her teare-distained eye
Blew circles stream'd, like Rain-bows in the skie.
These watergalls in her dim Element,
Foretell new stormes to those alreadie spent.

VVhich

VVhich when her sad beholding husband sav
Amazedlie in her sad face he stares:
Her eyes though sod in tears look'd red and
Her liuelie colour kil'd with deadlie cares,
He hath no power to aske her how shee fares
Both stood like old acquaintance in a tran
Met far from home, wondring ech others

At last he takes her by the bloudlesse hand,
And thus begins: what vncouth ill euent
Hath thee befalne, that thou dost trembling
Sweet loue what spite hath thy faire colour sp
VVhy art thou thus attir'd in discontent?
Vnmaske deare deare, this moodie heau
And tell thy griefe, that we may giue redr

Three times with sighes shee giues her sorrov
Ere once shee can discharge one word of wo
At length addrest to answer his desire,
Shee modestlie prepares, to let them know
Her Honor is taue prisoner by the Foe,
VVhile COLATINE and his consorted L
VVith sad attention long to heare her wo